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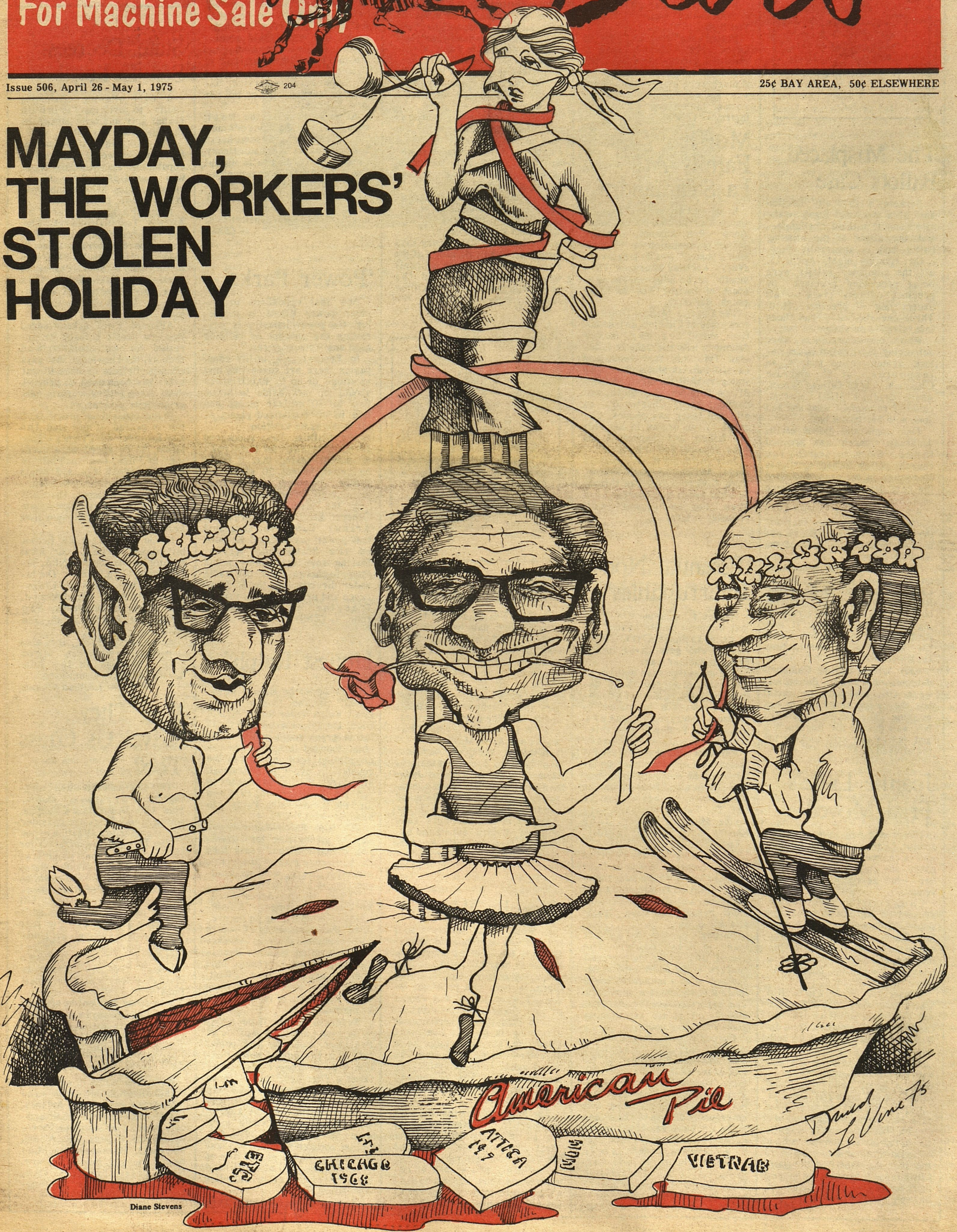


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25¢ BAY AREA, 50¢ ELSEWHERE

## MAYDAY, THE WORKERS' STOLEN HOLIDAY





by Steve Long

**T**imothy Leary, who is reported by the Los Angeles Free Press to be at a federal government safehouse like the kind used for Mafia informers, remains more mysterious than ever before. A recent series of articles in the Free Press have sent shockwaves through the friends and supporters of Leary, but such old Leary friends as Allen Ginsberg and Ken Kesey remain steadfast in their support, although realizing that Leary is apparently cooperating with federal authorities to win his freedom.

The articles in the Free Press are based on nine hours of taped interview with Dennis Martino, who was found dead in his hotel room in Malaga, Spain, on March 15, several weeks after he had finished the interview. As was reported in the Barb (March 21), many observers of the Leary case suspect that Martino was murdered either by the government (CIA or Drug Enforcement, DEA) or by underworld sources. Martino's death is officially listed as caused by an overdose of valium, a tranquilizer, and no evidence has yet turned up to contest that finding.

Martino describes in great detail the deals that were allegedly made to secure Leary's release from prison and a Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) plot to entrap Leary's former attorney (George Chula). The interview gains authenticity due to its specificity -- the CIA and DEA agents that Martino and Leary dealt with are named, as are the actual dates and places of important events.

For example, Martino reports that when Leary decided he had to leave his exile in Switzerland, his entrance to Austria was arranged by a CIA agent named Carlton Smith. According to Martino, the Austrian government was to offer Leary asylum in exchange for his making a film against heroin use. But after the Austrian government began to hedge on providing Leary with legal papers, he came to believe that the CIA was closing in on him. Leary fled Austria, eventually winding up in Kabul, Afghanistan, where, according to Martino, the CIA did eventually nab Leary; his passport was confiscated by James Michael Senner of the American Embassy in Kabul, who Martino believed was a CIA operative.

Martino also describes new details of Leary's 1970 escape from San Luis Obispo prison. He names Michael Kennedy, a San Francisco attorney who was then Leary's lawyer, as having put Leary in contact with the Weather Underground, who helped Leary in his prison escape and in his flight underground across the country to his eventual exile in Algeria with Eldridge Cleaver.

Michael Randall, an alleged dope dealer with the Brotherhood of Eternal Love (a nation-wide dope distribution network), is named as having supplied Kennedy with \$25,000 that, Martino says, "paid the bills for the fast cars, dynamite, guns, communications, airline tickets, passports."

Martino also reports that Joanna Harcourt-Smith, Leary's self-described "perfect love," was told by DEA agents, "We want a bust on (Michael) Kennedy."

Attorney Kennedy labels the Martino charges as "bullshit," according to Zodiac News Service. In a statement, Kennedy accuses the DEA of planting his name in the Los Angeles Free Press article in an attempt to frame him (Kennedy has defended a number of radicals, including the Chicago 7 and, most recently, Jack and Micki Scott).

Kennedy further charges: "This libelous article is at least the third time the DEA has tried to defame me in this manner. On two previous occasions, newspaper editors (in New York and San Francisco) investigated the charge, concluded that it was an untrue allegation by the DEA, and refused to print my name. . . Martino, an admitted DEA informant since 1973, was spoon-fed the escape story by Special Agent Donald Strange of the DEA.

"The DEA has repeatedly been implicated in blatant violations of citizens' rights, and is, in my opinion, a dangerous paramilitary organization. In my case, Agent Strange has used tactics including illegal break-ins, paid informers, and innuendo, and has planted lies in the press in a futile attempt to pin the Leary escape on me. In 1973, for example, Strange led a raid into my family's home without a legal search warrant and threatened us at gunpoint. His goal is to destroy my effectiveness as an attorney representing radicals, poor people, and controversial figures.

"...I can only hope and pray that my former client Timothy Leary, wherever he is, escapes the fate of his fellow in-

# NEW LIGHT ON LEARY

former Dennis Martino, who was recently found murdered after the DEA had tired of his usefulness."

## Weather Underground

Poet Allen Ginsberg, an old friend of Leary who has been working to get Leary released on a habeas corpus writ, believes that the government has been "abusing Leary legally" in a desperate attempt to get information on the Weather Underground Organization. The government has failed to get convictions in many recent political trials of leftists (Angela Davis, Gainsville 8, Harrisburg 7, etc.), and desperately wants to find and convict the Weatherpeople. "It's the last hope of the government to have any success at anything," Ginsberg told me.

Ginsberg commented on the relationship between Leary and the Weatherpeople:

"It appears that Tim has been behaving very badly. Maybe he never should have gotten involved with the Weather Underground, and vice versa. There's been funny karma between them, and it's apparently being played out now. It doesn't seem they're playing it out in a very graceful way, either of them. But it's difficult to be graceful when you've got a bunch of goons and gorillas like the DEA on your back."

When I informed Ginsberg of Martino's description of how the CIA pursued Leary through Europe and Asia, and of Martino's allegations that Leary has been cooperating with the DEA, Ginsberg castigated both the CIA and the DEA. "The DEA is one of the most corrupt organizations in the history of civilization," Ginsberg said.

He described the DEA's involvement with the cover-up of the case of fugitive financier Robert Vesco: "William Burroughs said that the DEA is like a new mutant breed of control addicts exhibiting all the worst qualities of corrupt narcotics agents on the take with the power of organized criminal goons."

The close connection between the CIA and the DEA is illustrated by a shadowy figure discussed in Alfred W. McCoy's *The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia* (a book the CIA tried to suppress). The figure is a former CIA operative named

Lucien Conein, who is described by Ginsberg as "the crucial person" in the CIA's link with the Southeast Asian opium trade."

"Conein was an intelligence agent in Vietnam in 1961 and 1962. He knows all about the US role in the murder of Diem and the opium trade. E. Howard Hunt went to him to get information on JFK's role in the Diem assassination when Hunt was faking the telegrams implicating Kennedy. Conein was liason between French and US intelligence. He was hired a couple of years ago by the DEA," Ginsberg said.

## Leary-P.O.W.

Again and again during our conversation, Ginsberg returned to the theme that Leary cannot speak or write freely:

"There hasn't been one communication from him to anybody that hasn't been under surveillance. He has to walk a very careful tightrope -- to try to speak to the outside and still satisfy his captors. He's like somebody captured in a battle, and though his captors are free, he isn't. He's a 1960's Missing in Action. He's certainly missing and he was certainly in action. He's a political prisoner of war."

Ginsberg believes that Leary's friends and supporters should blame the government and not Leary for any alleged cooperation between Leary and the DEA or Justice Department:

"The answer is to get the pressure off Tim, rather than condemning him. He needs help and aid. My moral revulsion is directed against the government. Human beings can't be expected to act like human beings under unhuman circumstances.

"The problem is, what to do to rescue Tim?"

"The government is obviously using him to browbeat any moral idealism that exists in America.

"However, there has been a certain empty rhetoric in Leary's pronouncements over the past year," Ginsberg said.

He explained that by this he meant "the perfect love with Joanna as the base for his political and philosophical announcements."

"He's not a free man talking freely in space. He's a man in prison surrounded

by 40 agents every time he talks."

Ginsberg outlined three possible situations that Leary finds himself in:

"First, he's acting of his own free will and confident of what he's doing.

"Second, he's speaking freely but in a condition of misapprehension of what the actual facts really are because the police have kept him from contacting those on the outside. He might be too intimidated to ask for legal help. The DEA may be feeding him bullshit about people trying to off him -- gorillas in their own imagination.

"Third, if his legal appeal on the Lorado bust had been appealed years ago, he would probably be free now. (Leary had been sentenced to 30 years, but the conviction was overturned on appeal) 'He never got to the border. It was a phony charge.'

Ginsberg reported that DEA agent Donald Strange told him last October or November that Leary would be out in six months.

I asked Ginsberg for his reaction to Leary's title for his memoirs, *What Woman Wants*. "It's got something to do with his heterosexuality, I guess," Ginsberg replied.

Ginsberg said that he had read "The Periodic Table of Energy" by Leary and Robert Anton Wilson in the Barb, but didn't really understand it. "I don't know how to work with those systems. It's not a language or mode of thinking I can work with easily. It's the mixture of scientific language and Madison Avenue language and hip lingo that confuses me," he said.

## Ken Kesey On Leary

Novelist Ken Kesey reported that he had received two letters over the past six weeks from Leary. Kesey said he "feels pretty good" about Leary on the basis of the letters, although he can't release any specific quotations from them.

"I feel he is intending you to read between the lines. It's clear that the letters are having to pass through several different hands. They are well-written, intelligent, and insightful. He has not been lobotomized.

"I have written him asking how much of the letters I can reveal, and I haven't heard yet," Kesey said.

Referring to the worst fears that he and other friends of Leary had about Leary's handling by prison officials, he said, "We have always been considering a number of possible scenarios, and the least painful one is the true one.

"When I got picked up coming back from Mexico, reporters were asking me questions, with a microphone in my face, asking me to respond to questions about revolutionaries. There were cops with guns waiting to stick me with a needle."

Kesey commented on Martino's account of Leary's cooperation with federal authorities:

"All we have suspected is true. He has survived it, and what he is trying to communicate now is that there's a propaganda mill, and it uses damn near everything for its grist. He is trying not to feed the propaganda mill anymore. He's trying not to surface too much."

"I think he's going to come out of it without being too deeply scarred, which was my main concern. I was afraid they were going to make him mad."

Kesey added:

"He's leery of making any contact. It's blown up -- it lengthens the time he has to serve."

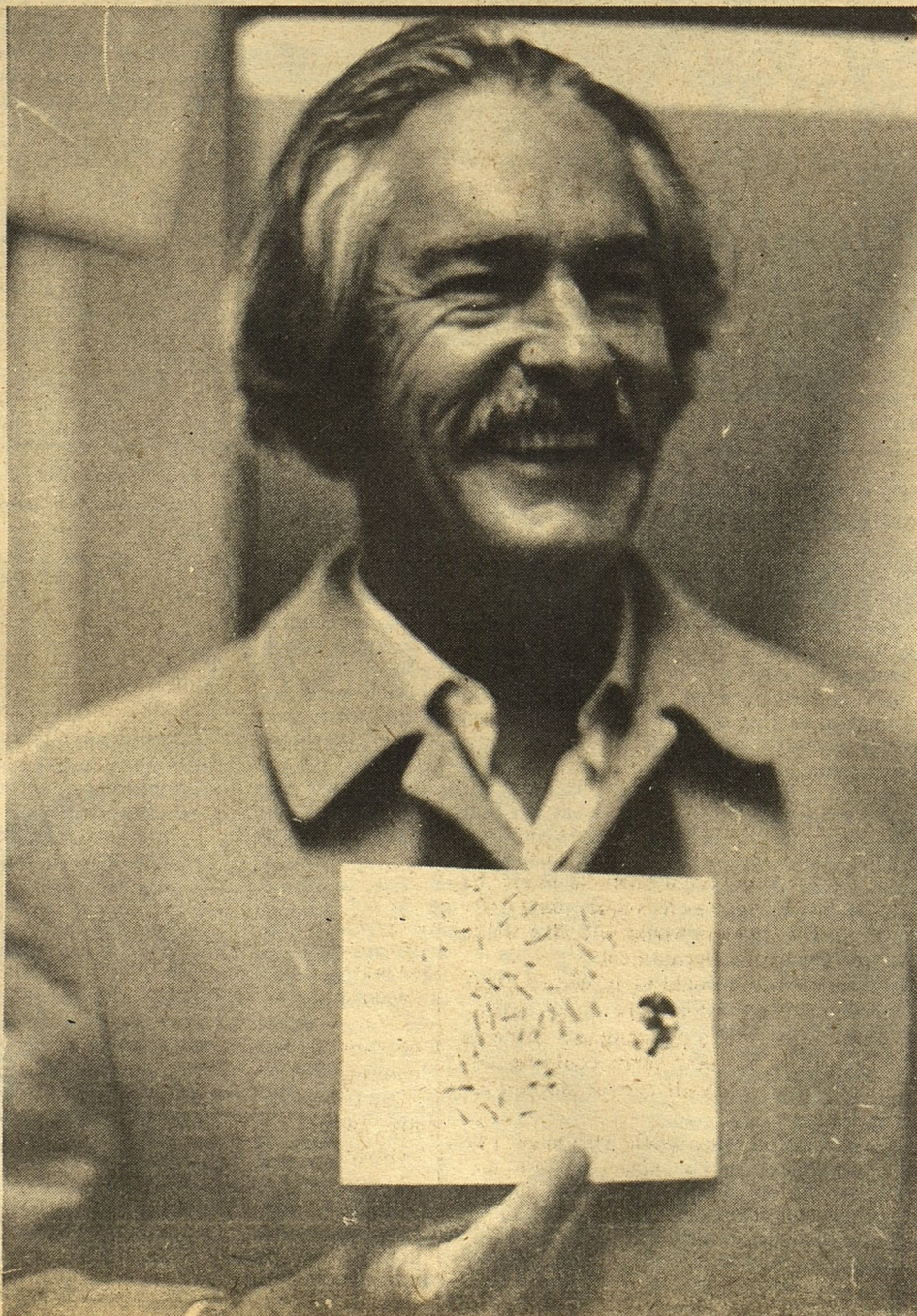
Kesey's analysis of the situation is flexible: "If he's on top of it, we back off and keep quiet. But if he's in trouble, it behooves us to help him." Kesey added that Leary "has been through a real shit-storm."

Leary had agreed to edit a special issue of Kesey's magazine, *Spit in the Ocean*, on communication with higher intelligences (The magazine will be out shortly). Kesey revealed that in one of the letters he received from Leary, Leary revised his belief that he had communicated with extraterrestrial "Higher Intelligences." "He has a very clear picture why they are not communications with Higher Intelligences. They are just each person's personal propaganda," Kesey said.

Kesey had this comment on reports that Martino was murdered:

"It's all part of the same process, whether he drugged himself to death with valium, or the valium was crammed down his throat. He was a very scared guy caught between Mafia dope dealers and Mafia dope catchers."

Kesey also commented on accusations by Paul Krassner and others that Joanna



Hertzog



# Leary

From page 9

Harcourt-Smith was a Mati Hari -- an active CIA agent who was sent to Switzerland to set up Leary for a CIA-managed kidnapping. "I don't think she was sent as an agent," Kesey said. "But whether she's working for the CIA or Satan, it doesn't make too much difference."

Kesey concluded the interview with a strong defense of Leary:

"The only thing that's important right now is that he get released as soon as possible with as little hassle as possible. I got the two letters from Leary on the same day I bought the new Dylan album, and I feel good about both of 'em. My feeling was that Dylan was standing up again. And I got the same feeling about Timothy."

## The Judas Kiss

Another old associate of Leary who also knew Dennis Martino is Michael Horowitz, Leary's former archivist. Horowitz has this evaluation of Martino's character:

"Dennis last words to me were, 'I love you,' which he said to me at the same time that he and Joanna may have been setting me up."

But Horowitz does not doubt that Martino loved Leary, and refers to Martino as "a perfect tape recorder who repeated everything he had been imprinted with, whether it was Timothy's words or his superiors in the DEA."

On the night that he learned of Martino's death, Horowitz made this surprising observation: "Dennis' death may have been necessary for Timothy's freedom."

Referring to Herb Caen's report that unnamed government officials believe there is a death contract out for Leary, Horowitz said: "Dennis, who loved Timothy with a fanatical, dependent love, became the victim of the death contract hoax that was floated in order to justify Timothy's government protection."

Horowitz now believes that Leary may soon "go into the government in a policy-making position on drug abuse where he can undo the harm that he may have done."

Another Leary associate, Berkeley author Robert Anton Wilson, had this reaction to Martino's revelations: "It's typical. The poor guy got his throat cut, and was frightened of homosexual rape, and he was terrorized into doing what the DEA wanted. If the American people ever come to understand how the DEA operates, Nixon and his gang, or even the CIA or the Bavarian Illuminati, will smell like violets by comparison."

Wilson also had a comment on "Reflections on Society," an interview which Leary conducted with himself that was published in the San Francisco Examiner on April 8-9: "Dr. Leary still has the greatest sense of humor on this Goddess-forsaken planet. That's why I trust him to lead the migration away from here to a saner part of the galaxy."

More seriously, Wilson added "Timothy has suffered more than any scientist of this century -- even more than Wilhelm Reich, who went paranoid and died of a heart attack in prison. When all the facts are known, Tim will be a national hero, and the government will be more disgraced than it was by Watergate. The fact that Tim has kept his humor is a measure of his total sanity."

Wilson concluded grimly "I look forward to the day when we stop imprisoning our greatest scientists -- or anybody else."

What, finally, are we to make of Dennis Martino's life and his "confessions" in the Free Press interview?

The proof of Martino's allegations may come if there is a massive series of federal indictments directed against the Weather Underground Organization. Martino predicted that Leary would soon surface as a federal witness before federal grand juries and as a star witness in major political and drug cases.

If such individuals as Michael Kennedy and John Davis (Rennie Davis' brother, who Martino names as having aided in Leary's escape from prison) are indicted, then Martino's predictions of the government's strategy will have been correct.

This does not necessarily mean, however, that Martino was telling the truth. What if Martino was still working for the DEA when he was interviewed by the Free Press? If so, his purpose might have been to manufacture paranoia -- to demoralize and frighten Leary's old friends and past associates.

# Cassady

From page 14

wierd flower pots hanging on the sides?"

I nodded. There were four of them. All the doors had been opened and in each doorway sat a pile of half naked brown children, tumbling out of the cars like loads of peanuts that had been dropped. In front of one of the cars someone had built a fire and on the fire a large pot of water sat. It must have just been put on because it wasn't even steaming yet. Everywhere were hanging wierd flower-pots.

"This used to be a gypsy camp," Pierre said. "The night Neal died there was a wedding going on here. He must have stopped and had a few drinks. That's what killed him, the combination of speed and alcohol."

Boldly we advanced into the middle of the camp. "Adios," said Pierre, waving his hand. In one of the boxcar doorways a toothless brown mother sat suckling her baby, surrounded by ragged children. "Adios, adios." They were all smiles.

We set off down the track. It was even hotter now, and the rails were steaming. It was so bright I had to shade my eyes.

"Neal Cassady was one of those guys who caught the speed of our time at a time when speed was absolutely killing," Pierre said as we walked. "To me, rock music was really a way of doing the same thing as the jet plane when it



broke the sound barrier. You get up a certain speed and when you're going at 600 and some miles an hour, the plane begins to reverberate like mad. The first planes that were built that way exploded in the air. But finally they managed to crack the sound barrier and push off into complete silence.

"Rock, in a way, was a form of speed. It was just going faster and faster, louder and louder, until finally it got so loud that you blew your mind and coasted off into total silence. It seemed that Neal was trying to accelerate to a point where it went so fast that it went beyond speed. He was going beyond the speed of thought."

Pierre stopped talking. The landscape was excruciatingly bright. I glanced down at the track and saw the ties flying by. 1234567...

"See, there had been a rebellion, starting with the influence of Zen, and starting with the breakthrough from the universities against rational thought in favor of the superimposition of images, and with the advent of television and image industries. There was a tremendous change in consciousness from rational, step-by-step Aristotelian thinking to superimposed image thinking. That meant a tremendous change in speed of consciousness, a new

# Erica Jong

From page 15

plaining of her critics and days as a 'starving poet'

And I am not impressed:

by women who have made it in male terms, just because they're women

As I am not impressed by men who have made it to the executive position

And I am not duped by evasion clothed in wit

Nor by superficiality disguised as depth Or facility, complexity

Nor gossip as intimacy and warmth

And I'm not even one of your most radical feminists, kids

But I am offended.

And I am not impressed:

by complaints of abundance from a Jewish princess

And I am not interested in lauding neurosis for its own sake

And I refused to be entertained when serious issues are made palatable for

thought pattern. Neal was a pioneer in that new mode of thinking."

Twentythirtyforty..."

"Neal was a testimony to a new mode of thinking where you were able to blast off a whole series of images at once which had a meaning much deeper than any meaning reason can bring. And because he could penetrate through flashing off a flow of images that had a unified meaning, he could get to levels of consciousness way beyond any rational thinker, and that's why people loved him."

Onehundredtwohundredthreehundredfour hundred...

"Because those deeper levels were in touch with some kind of cosmic relationship and some kind of beauty, some kind of love. He was a very loving person, but in a strange way. His love was bizarre, a love that never had its climax. He never had his climax, he was just going faster and faster, but no matter how fast he went he could never break the sound barrier, he could never break the speed barrier until he died, but that's what he was headed for. He was driving his car up against the wall.

"It's the mentality of the racer, the person who just abandons himself to a collision with death, and by crashing through, hopes to get to the other side where death ceases to be a problem, but for Cass I don't think it worked. I think he was a true casualty."

Suddenly Pierre stopped. "This is it," he said.

For me it was like a headon collision. The railroad ties I'd been counting tumbled out of me like building blocks and there

were numbers everywhere, numbers all over the countryside.

We were standing on a little bridge in the middle of the desert. There was a switch on it where two tracks joined. "On the bridge where the two tracks come together," said Pierre. "This is where he died. JB was the one who identified the body. Neal had a wife in Palo Alto and she paid for the cremation. JB put his ashes in a big urn and kept them on her mantle for several weeks. Then she shipped them to Palo Alto."

For a few moments we stood in silence and the only sound was that of the wind, rustling dryly through the desert, moving Pierre's hair even under his hat.

"JB and I walked out here about two weeks after he died," said Pierre over the silence. "We wanted to feel whether there was anything left of Neal hanging around, but there wasn't at all. JB was sure he would appear to her here, but he'd already taken off. I could have told her that. Neal wanted to take off in the worst way."

I just stood there looking out over the desert. I was struck by how vast and still it was. And how, like a tiny electric conduit, the railroad track stretched out before us.

consumption

And turned into another product

And turned into a pop cliché

And I am not even one of your political radicals, folks

But I am offended. And I am not entertained.

It seems all I can do is rant, but I wasn't the only one.

Wandering past the autograph hysteria, into the ladies' room and then through the entrance hall, I heard some other voices who have kindly permitted me to quote: "I feel grungy." "It was what I expected of the evening." "You mean of her poetry or the whole thing?" "The whole thing. Slick, superficial." "And I was really appalled by her treatment of that guy who asked the best question. She's catty, boy, really catty." "He had a valid question, why wouldn't she answer him?" "I don't find her unusual, she won't be remembered." And so on.

Well that's a relief. Perhaps it was only 20,000 Frenchmen, the ones with the loud voices who cheered.

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(With thanks to Ella and Freude, whose ideas on the topic have merged with my own over the past months.)

# Mayday

From page 3

proceedings.

One Chicago businessman admitted, "No, I don't consider these people to be guilty of any offense, but they must be hanged. . . The Knights of Labor will never dare create discontent again if these men are hanged."

There was a bloodlust in Chicago and that bloodlust cried for scapegoats. The defendants and their supporters insisted that the bombing was the work of an agent provocateur and the only crime they ever owned up to was that of holding unpopular opinions. As one of the defendants, Oscar Neebe, put it:

"I saw the bakers in this city were treated like dogs. . . I helped organize them. That is a great crime. . . And, Your Honor, I committed another crime. I saw the grocery clerks and other clerks of this city worked until 10 and 11 o'clock in the evening. I issued a call. . . and today they are only working until 7 o'clock in the evening and no Sunday work."

Despite an international campaign for clemency, four of the defendants were hanged. The other four received life imprisonment. According to an article in the New York Times describing the sentencing of defendant August Spies, Judge Gary's face "worked convulsively. . . and when he reached the word 'hanged,' he faltered and could with difficulty utter 'until you are dead.' The last words were scarcely audible."

Like Attica state prison, Haymarket Square today has a monument to the police officers killed there, but no monument to the victims of state violence. This was the monument that the Weather Underground damaged with a bomb of their own in 1971.

## The Fallout

The disastrous fallout of the original Haymarket explosion dealt the radical American labor movement a setback from which it has never fully recovered. Like the antiwar, Black and counter-cultural ground-swells of recent years, radical trade unionists from then on had to deal with concerted disruption and misrepresentation of their activities, infiltration of their ranks and governmental surveillance both legal and extralegal.

As damaging as the first Mayday actions proved to be in this country, they were an inspiration to trade unionists abroad. Meeting in Paris in 1889, European labor leaders voted to hold demonstrations of solidarity with American workers on May 1st of that year. That was the basis of the annual event that has since taken hold as a holiday in nearly every country in the world.

Mayday has, however, remained a day alien and fearful in the American public mind, particularly since the Soviet Union has chosen it as a time for military parades and demonstrations of state power. That this is the most profound contradiction of all in a system supposedly dedicated to the eradication of state power seems to have escaped Soviet leaders.

Contemporary American labor unions, with their latter-day Powerlys -- the George Meany's and the Leonard Woodcock's -- and their soothing quotas of three day weekends and sweetheart contracts, have done nothing to restore the original significance of the original labor day. Others have, however, taken beginning steps towards reclaiming it as an authentic American holiday.

The 1971 Mayday demonstrations in Washington, D.C. -- in which 13,000 were arrested for civil disobedience in an attempt to clog the war-making machines of the federal government -- was held on that date in part to focus attention on its historical spirit and meaning. Most of those arrests -- engineered by then-Attorney General John Mitchell, who has since been found a felon under his own rules -- have been declared unconstitutional.

One wonders what John Mitchell will have to say this year on Law Day.

For those interested in recovering one aspect of their heritage by celebrating a more time-honored holiday, there is a wide-ranging schedule of events on tap around the Bay Area this Mayday (see calendar this issue). Taken together, they are a long way from a general strike, but, to paraphrase Scoop Nisker, if you don't like the scheduled events, go out and make some of your own.